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Puck

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THE OLD, OLD STORY.

RATHER THAN STAND UP AND FIGHT, THEY THROW HIM A SOP AND RUN AWAY.



PUCK,
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**CONCERNING
THE SHERMAN LAW
AND DEMOCRACY.**

THE PEOPLE drew a big breath of relief week before last when it was announced that the silver conspiracy in the Senate had fallen through. Of course, that did not mean that the repeal bill would come to an immediate vote, any more than it meant that the passage of the repeal bill would immediately put a surplus in the Treasury. It only meant that the people of this country had received a satisfactory guaranty that they would not have to bear the burden of a permanently debased currency. It meant that Prosperity's best friend, Business Confidence, had come back to the world of commerce and finance. The reaction toward prosperity should be as prompt as the more limited but highly encouraging reactions that came swiftly after the President's call for an extra session of Congress, and after the passage of the Wilson Bill in the lower house. We have got what we wanted; now let's go ahead.

As for the silver men, they got much more than they deserved. In 1890 the party of Moral Ideas found its stock so run down that it could not cope with the silver mania. Its duty was plain but it did not dare to make the fight that has just been won. It met the silver grabbers half way, rather than place Mr. Benjamin Harrison—dear man—in a delicate position. This lack of patriotism brought about a panic, and the Treasury has now to face a deficit of fifty million dollars for this fiscal year. But, with the menace to sound currency removed, this country can take care of a little deficit like that without worrying itself.

As to the fight, itself, it has been a valuable object-lesson to the student of our government and to the country at large. It has proved to the latter, for instance, that a United States Senator is made of the same common clay as the simple voter, and that there has been a vast amount of nonsense let loose concerning "Senatorial courtesy," "Senatorial dignity," and "the traditions of this honorable body, sir!" A few weeks ago the country was struck by mental lightning in the shape of news that a majority in the Senate could not have its own way. Dazed Americans stared at each other and wondered if the Anarchistic millennium had come; when each may follow his own sweet will, and "majority" is to be struck out of the dictionary. And, while the people were trying to fit this bit of

news into their hardened conception of a republic, this club of respectable old gentlemen went on with their dreary talk. Men like Wolcott, Teller and Stewart stood firm for their bald cause of private gain, and talked back to the constitution of the United States in a way that would have been treasonable had it not been comic. Work was actually done on a plan that would secure harmony in the Democratic party at the expense of the people. This plan was called a compromise, and it meant a compromise with the majority's right to rule. That there could ever have been such a state of affairs in an American legislative body will seem incredible to posterity, and it is still startling, even to us who saw it. The American people can not breathe freely again until they know that no superstition can cheat the majority of its first right. To the shame of the majority, in this instance, it had to go outside its lines for its backbone. Grover Cleveland was known at the start to be free from the fears of Benjamin Harrison, that it would be impolite, not to say indelicate, to declare against the policy of paying a dollar for seventy cents worth of silver; but he has gratified, and, in many cases, perhaps, surprised his warmest admirers by the unflinching firmness with which he has stood out against all forms of that ruinous policy. He is at present in that enviable position, for a public man, where his sound views and his patriotism have been of practical value to the country,—a value so tangible that it commands the fullest recognition from his staunchest opponents. He has gained this position, not by a show of new traits, but by the simple exercise of those qualities that have marked him for a leader of Democrats, and that placed him in the President's chair in spite of the cankered enmity of machine politicians in his own party. By his firm stand he has not only held the Democratic party from failing in one of its most important pledges, but he has cleared the way for the further work which Democracy has promised to do.

**AS TO THE
MUGWUMP.**

Mr. Croker recently remarked that the Mugwump is "a man who always votes against some one, and never for any one." The epigram is amusing and has a large basis of truth; but, if Mr. Croker is making believe that he sets down the opposition to Judge Maynard and Mayor Boody as being entirely of a Mugwump sort, he is not displaying his usual astuteness. He would do much better not to blind himself to the plain fact that thousands of people who never cast a Mugwump vote in their lives, object to seeing a "political worker" on the bench of the Court of Appeals. And, as to Brooklyn, if Mr. Croker will take a cab and drive, or try to drive, a couple of miles through the Alpine passes that they call streets in that ring-ridden town, he will understand that there are good and sufficient reasons for desiring the turning out of any Mayor who is satisfied with the existing state of things. And ill-paved and neglected streets are by no means the greatest of evils from which Brooklyn will stand a chance of being free, if Mr. Charles A. Schieren is elected. And if Mr. Schieren is elected, and it seems probable at present that he will be, he will be elected not by Mugwumps, but by good, sound Democratic votes. And Mr. Croker may take that fact into consideration, and he may keep on considering it until he thinks of another funny little epigram.

CIRCUMSTANCE.



URED BY the beauty of some bright, golden day,
The poet writes his jovial Indian Summer lay;
And, fired with hope, he sends it on its way.
And then a blizzard comes, the skies turn gray,
The rain falls down, the wild winds sport in play,
The Editor's feet are wet, a cold makes him its prey;
And so he howls with rage to see before him lay
Those jocund lines that sing of Autumn gay,
And this reply he sendeth without long delay:

*The Editor regrets that he can not make use of this
contribution, which is returned with thanks.*

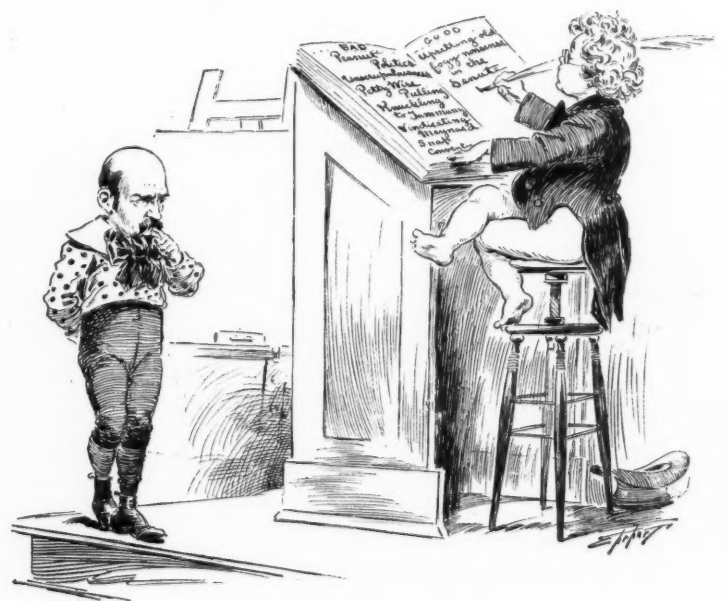
R. L. M.

CASTILIAN INGENUITY.

The infanta looked perplexed
"Are you sure?" she asked earnestly.
"Yes," rejoined the chief officer of the court; "it would certainly please the people if they could see more of your majesty."
Presently the countenance of the princess lighted as with an inspiration.
"Kindly —"
She was addressing her maid in waiting, now.
"— air that glass dress that was given me in America. The wishes of my countrymen are my first law."

TO THE DOUBLE-HEADED MAN.

Go West, oh, double-headed man, go West!
For Senator you'd be in great request;
You'd hold the Senate singly for a week,
One head could rest — the other head could speak.



HOPE FOR HIS FUTURE.

PUCK.—One good mark for Davy Hill—at last!

CASSIDY'S - PUP.



I.
UNDER THE cabbages, calm and chill;
Under the Harlem skies;
In the little back-garden on "Dog-fight Hill,"
(Where a corner of Shantytown lingers still,
Unscarred by powder, unbored by drill),
Cassidy's Bull-pup lies.

II.
He was a daisy — Cassidy's Pup;
He was a bird — you bet!
If ever you happen to take a cup
At the "Ould Shebeen" where the "tarriers" sup,
You'll hear them cracking his battles up,
And talking about him yet.

III.
Cassidy did n't amount to a shuck;
Nothing he tried would pan;
Out at elbows and out of luck —
Till one fine night while "chasing the duck,"
He found the Pup in an empty truck;
And the Pup, he made him a man.

IV.
Never you saw such a Pup as that;
Teeth like the tusks of a hog;
Tale as stiff as a base-ball bat;
Legs that bent like the back of a cat;
Not too skinny, nor yet too fat —
Such was Cassidy's dog.

V.
Fifty battles he fought — and won,
Back of the "Dog-fight Rock;"
He made the Hackensack "Snarler" run;
He "chawed" the "Champion of Jersey's" son,
And he killed the "Terror of Tompkins's Run,"
In half an hour, by the clock.

VI.
Then — queerest part of the whole affair —
Cassidy changed his luck;
Woke one morning a millionaire,
With houses and lots, and money to spare;
Owing it all (so the "tarriers" swear),
To the Pup he found in the truck.

VII.
Cassidy died — as Cassidys will —
Nobody much distressed;
But the very same day the Pup took ill,
Died, in spite of potion and pill,
And was laid with weeping, in "Dog-fight Hill,"
'Mid the scenes of his fame to rest.

VIII.
A tombstone Cassidy's loss bemoans;
Humbly the Pup lies dead;
But every Harlem "tarrier" owns,
While clay's good enough for Cassidy's bones,
Those gilded railings and sculptured stones
Should stand o'er his Pup, instead.

Gerald Brennan.

DISINTEGRATION.

"Old Middleton's jockey is going all to pieces."
"What's the matter — is he sick?"
"No; but he's getting so fat that he casts a shadow in the sun."

PROMOTED FOR SERVICE.

GEN. MOBILE (*of Alabama*). — That young man you saw last week is a Colonel now.

MR. BLEECKER. — Indeed! How did he come to be promoted?

GEN. MOBILE. — Shot a nigger.

STRUCK IT JUST RIGHT.

BORE. — Are you busy to-day?

MERCHANT. — Yes; come right in.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"And you say you should always suspect a man who is extremely attentive to his own wife?"

"I certainly would."

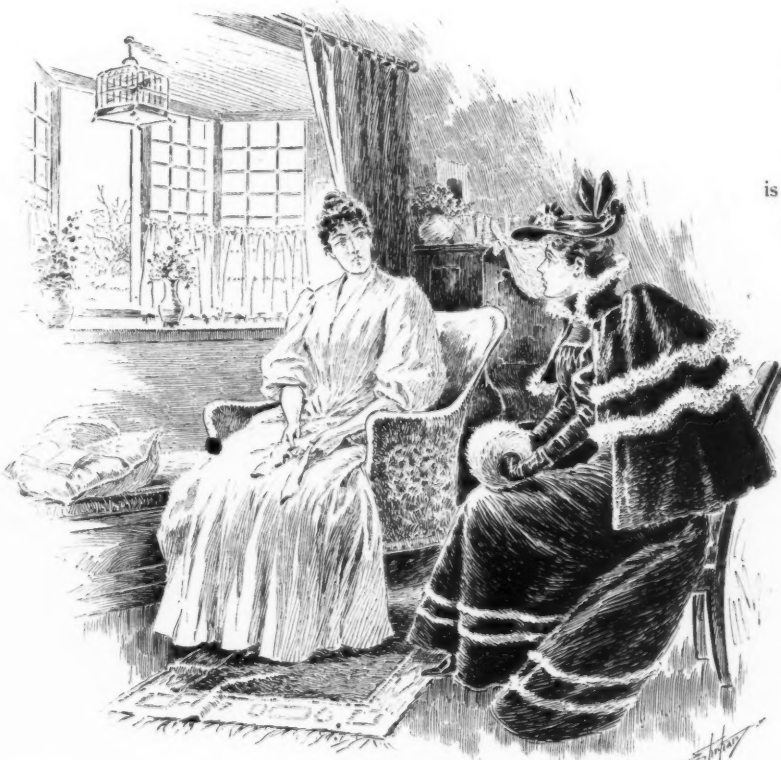
"Why?"

"Because he would not know how to do it unless he had had abundant practice with some one else."

INVALUABLE EXPERIENCE.

"Have you had any experience which would justify me in admitting you to my company?" said a theatrical manager to an applicant.

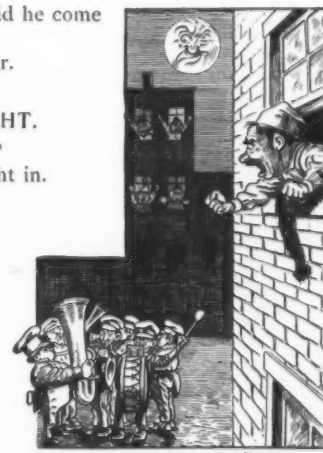
"I think so, sir," was the reply. "I once fasted four weeks."



A BULL'S-EYE.

MARIE. — I had nine proposals at the beach.

MERTIE. — How disagreeably persistent a Summer acquaintance can be!



"KEEPING UP WITH
THE BAND."



JUST PLAIN ENVY.

PARKE ROWE.—What d' ye think of the suit? Election bet, you know!

HOFFMAN HOWES.—That's too bad! How long do you have to wear it?

A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.



“THERE'S NOTHING like giving a boy a little encouragement once in a while,” said a wealthy downtown merchant the other day. “I know I owe a great deal to a remark a crabbed old farmer made to me when I was quite small.

“I was trying to split a cross-grained hickory log, and as our wood-pile was close by the roadside, my efforts attracted the notice of the farmer, who stopped his team to watch me.

“I was greatly flattered by his attention, because he was the crossest and surliest man in town and never took any notice of us boys, except to sit in his orchard with a shotgun in his hand when the apples were ripe. So I

put in my best licks and covered my hands with blisters, but the log refused to split. The blamed thing seemed to have no grain to it. I hated to be beaten, but apparently there was no help for it. The old man noticed my chagrin.

“‘Humph! I thought you'd hev to give it up!’ he said, with a chuckle of malicious delight.

“Those words were all I needed.

“I made no reply; but the way that ax-head went into that log was a revelation to me. As I drove it into the knots they yielded. There was a cheerful crackle; the gap widened, and soon the two halves lay before me and the farmer drove off in discomfiture.

“But I never forgot that scene. When I first went into business I made mistakes, as every young man will. But whenever I got caught in a doubtful enterprise I recollected that my friends were standing around waiting for the chance to say: ‘I thought you'd have to give it up.’

“But they never got the chance. I knew what they were watching for and prophesying, and that knowledge gave me a bull-dog determination to carry the thing through.

“In spite of himself, that old farmer gave me the key-note of my success.

“So you see that if a boy has any grit in him he is bound to profit by the right sort of encouragement; and, in that connection, I may remark that a well-placed sneer is sometimes worth more than a whole barrel of taffy.”

Harry Romaine.

PUT OUT.

DUSTY RHODES.—Give me your best dollar-room, with a stove-pipe in it.

HOTEL CLERK.—Pay in advance, please.

DUSTY RHODES.—Why did n't you say this place was run on the dime lodging-house plan before I was registered?

WOULD N'T BE DICTATED TO.

WOOL.—I saw a postal card the other day, dropped in the office by a woman; the front was written full, with only the address on the back.

VAN PELT.—There is a line on the front of the card which forbids that.

WOOL.—That was the only way I could account for it.

AN ASIDE.

YOU CALL me fickle, dear,
Because I seem to see
In every pretty face a charm
That breathes of love to me.

I am not fickle, dear,
Because my heart seems stirred
By other pretty girls. Oh, no!
Fickle is not the word.

If I should show you, dear,
How much I love you when
I'm looking at another's face,
You'd weary of me then.

If you knew too much, dear,
Your love for me might pall.
I am not fickle, dear;
I'm foxy—that is all.

Tom Masson.



MISSIONARY.—Christianity is certainly taking a hold on the Mahometans where I am stationed.

SUPPORTER OF CAUSE.—How gratifying! Any converts?

MISSIONARY.—No; but three-quarters of the congregation in every mosque I know of come to services late.

CUSTOMER.—I'm looking for a tall man with one arm.

FLOOR-WALKER.—Certainly. The remnant counter is just across the store.



A SLAVISH JOB.

STOREKEEPER.—You say you are willing to work. Now I want a man to lie in that patent bed all day, and show the people how comfortable it is. I'll pay you a dollar a day and your meals.

WEARY WILKINS.—Do I have der meals fetched to me?

STOREKEEPER.—No. You can get them around the corner.

WEARY WILKINS (walking off in disgust).—An' have ter git up an' walk around dere t'ree times a day? Not much! De oppressors of hones' labor has got ter be downed.



ASTRONOMICAL.

WOOL.—How is it there is so little of the free lunch left to-day?
 VAN PELT.—It was struck by the comet, I think.
 WOOL.—What do you mean?
 VAN PELT.—I stood here and counted over two dozen falling stars hit it myself.

ENOUGH SAID.

SMITH.—What kind of ribbons do you use on your typewriter?
 BROWN.—Pink.

TRUE TO HER TRAINING.

MISS HIGGINS.—Although my father is wealthy, he has always taught his children that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
 MISS HOUGHTON.—So it's true that you are going to marry Prince Sanson, is it?



A STEPPING STONE.

DISCARDED SUITOR (*violently*).—Don't you believe an honest man's love ennobles a woman?
 ERSTWHILE ADORED.—Yes, Tom. I don't think the Count ever would have proposed to me if it had n't been for the way you pursued me.

ALL THE CLUE NEEDED.

FATHER.—My daughter has mysteriously disappeared, and I have no clue.
 DETECTIVE.—Have you reared her carefully?
 FATHER.—Oh, yes! She was educated in a convent, and never went out without her mother.
 DETECTIVE.—We'll find her. I'll go first and see if she has n't answered a matrimonial advertisement.

SOME MEN aim so high that their arrows cut nothing but the air.

TO SIOUX FALLS to secure a divorce,
 She proceeded, and got it, of course;
 But she hung then her head
 And, faltering, said:
 "T is so sudden," and not without force.



OUTRAGED FRIENDSHIP.

MR. ROSENBAUM.—Mr. Hockheimer, I failedt in peesiness to-tay, and I want to release you from your engagement to mein taughter.
 MR. HOCKHEIMER (*with anger*).—Dot 's it! Dot vas schoost like some beoples. As soon as dey strikes luck dey vants to gif dere oldt friends der goldt shoulter.

CUT AT MEETING.

DOBLEY.—Well, did Smier's last painting meet your distinguished approval?
 SINNICK.—Really, I don't know. If so, they had nothing to say to each other.

STATING IT CONCISELY.

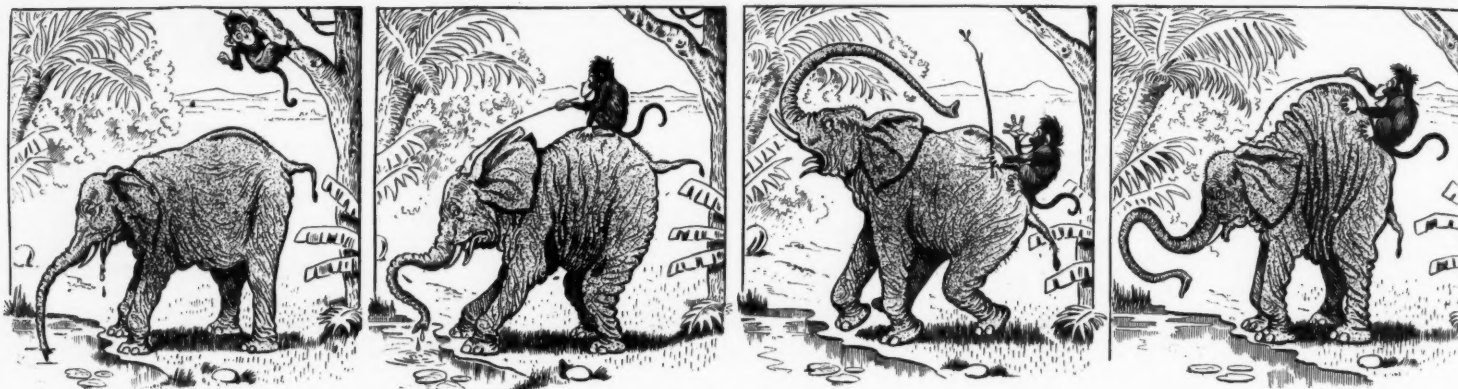
WEARY WALKER.—Wot d' yo' like best to eat?
 HUNGRY HAWKINS (*sententiously*).—Meals!

A GOOD DRESSING DOWN—Swan's.

O'TOOLE.—D'ed ye hear about Denny being arrested for throwing away his vote?
 REGAN.—No; how was that?
 O'TOOLE.—A big Tammany policeman gave it to him to put in the box, and he threw it away.



THE WRONG END OF THE HORN.



THE SIMIAN.—Say! See me have some fun with his Joblots!

"Ah, there, old Sole Leather!

"Oh, your Uncle Willy is on to all such tricks as that!

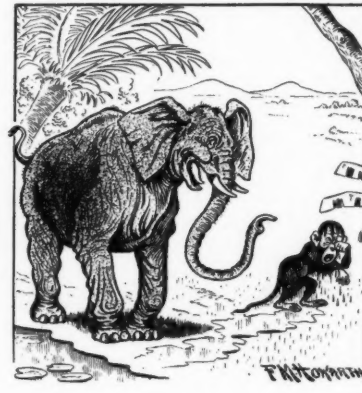
"Ah! That's a new wrinkle, is it?"



THE ELEPHANT.—You'll know when you are well off next time, my festive friend.



"Now, how do you like that?"



"The next time you want to monkey, take some one of your size!"

ANCIENT HISTORY.

METHUSALEH.—Wish I may never die if that life insurance premium is n't due again!

THE SPARTAN mother was pale but resolute. Her hand trembled as it rested upon the armored shoulder of her only son about to go forth to battle, but her lips were set sternly and her eyes were dry.

"My boy," she said, solemnly; "come back with your shield or upon it, and thank your lucky stars it's only war, and not foot-ball."

With her benison then he departed.

FALLEN.



HIS is the horrible story,
Told as the twilight fails,
By the private coachmen at Lenox,
As they hold each other's coat-tails.

Jeems was the Van Rocks's coachman,
Proud of his lofty rank;
Chawles was his only brother,
Footman to great Van Bank.

But Chawles had a soul 'neath his station,
And—Reader, I pause here to sob—
Some one offered to make him a plumber,
And he basely accepted the job.

And Jeems never smiled thereafter;
Never, in bower or hall,
Nor at Floral Parade at Lenox,
Nor at Newport at Coachman's Ball.

Gave up his gorgeous livery,
Bartered his honor for gold,
Which, Brutus said, "may be grasped thus"—
If the market will let you get hold.

And that is the horrible story,
Told as the twilight fails,
By the private coachmen at Lenox
As they hold each other's coat-tails.

W. M.



FROM WHENCE THEY COME.

MR. SNARLEY.—Your sex are natural born scandal-mongers. I often wonder how you manage to get hold of all the latest scandals of the day.

THE LADIES (in chorus).—Our husbands and brothers bring them home from the clubs to us.

ONE OF MANY.



It is just before election, that he catches the infection
Of *Mugwumpius Kickiupus*, and he does n't sleep at night;
He presages disruption from political corruption,
And he sees it's time to strike out for the right.

In long indignant letters he cries "shake off the fetters
That we've worn until they've galled us, at Tammany's
decree!"

And his fav'rite papers print 'em; he keeps up and does n't
stint 'em,
For a tidal wave is coming, and a moral victory.

"Now 's the right time to determine if Maynard's sullied ermine
Shall cover gerrymander in the high Court of Appeals;
No more shall free men cower at Dick Croker's wide-spread power,
And we'll raise up right and justice, now trampled 'neath his heels.

"Then, citizens, stand united, the whole thing shall be righted.
We will end the reign of Bosses and the frauds of Tammany
Foil the padded registraun, block the schemes of colonization,
And we'll purify the ballot till you can not rest," says he.

He starts thus in September, keeps it up until November,
And you get no peace or quiet from his loud, incessant buzz;
But when it comes to voting his absence you'll be noting,
For he's forgot to register —

as
he
always
does!

R. L. M.

THE THREE BALLS.

FANGLE.—Base-ball has given place to foot-ball.

CUMSO.—Yes; and foot-ball will remain until driven away by snow-ball.

WAITING.

ADA.—No; Priscilla will never marry unless she finds her ideal.

IDA.—What sort of man is her ideal?

ADA.—A man who will propose.

DAVID'S FATUITY.

SABBATH SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.—Now, when David took the
sling, do you suppose he realized what was coming to him?

MODEL BOY (*glibly*).—No; he probably thought it was just one
drink, and he could stop any time he wanted to.

THE TROUBLE.

PIKE.—I hear that a number of
ballots were thrown out in my district
as defective.

DYKE.—What was the defect?

PIKE.—Cast for the wrong
candidates.

"HUNTSMAN HAS a good
game-dog."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he saw a Welsh rab-
bit on the sideboard to-day,
and stood it."

"HARD TACK"—To Wind-
ward.

FRIEND.—Your son played
foot-ball at college, I am
told.

FOND MAMA.—Yes.

FRIEND.—Quarter back?

FOND MAMA.—Oh, he's
nearly all back! He lost only
an ear and a hand.

THE BESMIRCHED candidate
profits little by a bath in
the waves of popular indignation.

ON THE MOVE—The Express-van.

SENATORIAL courtesy has surprised
the country by a bow to the will
of the people, instead of to local frac-
tions of them.



AN APPROACHING FESTIVITY.

PRINCE LUMBAGO (*to newly-arrived Missionary*).—Ah! Glad
to meet white teacher. Myself and family will take dinner with you
to-morrow!

COMPENSATION.

FAGAN.—An' does n't yer short mimory give yez
a ghreat dale o' trouble, Moike?

O'ROURKE.—Shure, Tim, it's the coorse av me
loife, ixcept whin Oi goes to confession.

TEMPTING FATE.

UNCLE TREETOP.—I don't see how that Phil. Ar-
mour ever has the luck he does.

WILLIAM ANN.—Why should n't he?

UNCLE TREETOP.—When I was there
they was killing hogs by the thou-
sand, and it was the wrong time
of the moon.

A MATTER OF COURSE.

The politician need not starve,
Though life's the worst of flirts;
He's in the soup, he gets a roast,
And, sometimes, his desserts.

"WHY," ASKED the living
skeleton of the freak,
who sat beside him, "are you
afraid of the man who tattooed
you?"

"Because," responded the
poor woman, with a shiver,
"he certainly has designs on
me."

HOLMES.—What qualifica-
tions has he for a diplo-
matic position?

JEFFERYS.—Well, he has
been for years a successful por-
trait painter!

TENEMENT-HOUSE dwellers
often make a house divi-
ded against itself that the po-
lice can not stand.

PERSPECTIVE DOES N'T apply in
politics—the higher up a man
gets, the bigger he gets.

A STARBOARD TACK—Paying the
First Week in Advance.



AN INTOXICATING COSTUME.

OFFICER.—You'd better put yer friend in a cab—he's got a terrible
load on. Where'd he git it?

CHOLLY.—Miss Van Styles just passed—she wore an absinthe-green
hat, a claret-colored dress, and chartreuse-yellow gloves—and poor Reggie
is completely overcome by it!



THE PEACE OF EUROPE

PUCK.



OF EUROPE IS ASSURED.



HE HAD BEEN A MARTYR, TOO.

ELDER WATERS.—Oh, Deakin! My heart aches w'en I thinks of the sorrows of them their Foxes Martyrs. Nobody nowadays has ever sich suffering.

DEACON SNIVELY.—I dunno; my secon' wife usj ter sleep in her curl papers.

A SOCIAL MYSTERY.



HERE is a certain social puzzle that will ever remain a puzzle if we may base such a prediction upon our fruitless endeavor at its solution. And this social puzzle is probably one that has bothered many people who have not seen fit to consider it of sufficient importance for discussion. They have, no doubt, been as sorely puzzled as we have to understand the unbroken prosperity of certain middle-aged men of slouchy demeanor and no attainments, who live in apparently absolute independence without involving their brain or muscle. Almost every one is acquainted with or has seen the man who is a type of this class. He is a man whose clothing never fits him. It is either too large or too small, as he generally buys his garments by guess, and is always satisfied with what he is pleased to call "the fit." He is as destitute of every sentiment of refinement as the backwoodsman he is can be; he is absolutely without education or ambition, and yet he is so situated that he can live without effort, and always find time to go to a horse-race or lounge on the tavern stoop, like a dream-filled hippopotamus in a swamp. Men with every qualification for success—youth, education, ambition and unflagging industry—have about all they can do to keep out of the galling fetters of debt, and one length ahead of the landlord. When they are the age of the man who lives without the monotony of labor, they will probably be poorer than they are to-day, as many will naturally fail in business, and be compelled to keep books for their old employees at seven dollars per week. There are numerous theories to account for the apparent affluence of the flabby old man with the constellation of grease spots on his vest. As a rule, he is secretive, and busy people are obliged to guess at the conditions and circumstances that brought about the prosperity and ease that is their chief particular envy. It does not seem that he can be a bookkeeper retired on half pay, for several reasons: (1) Merchants are not retiring bookkeepers on half pay, for it is seldom that they pay them half what they are worth when in the harness. (2) He is not old enough to be retired on half pay. (3) Such a sloven could never have been a successful bookkeeper. (4) No bookkeeper could exist on the half pay of a bookkeeper.

Other people think that perhaps he has a daughter who is married to a rich man; and, that as the young couple move in the 150 of the American nobility, they might feel ashamed of her sire, and therefore pension him on condition that he will remain in the background of a backwoods village. There are even others who maintain that, as he is so secretive, he may have come by his money in some questionable way—that he may have drawn it in a lottery—while others argue that he may be a retired

burglar, seeking to live a quiet, peaceful life, far from his ancient haunts, and disguised in the most unfashionable clothing he can find for money.

He is generally alone, and quite a distance from his relatives, of whom he seldom speaks. He loves to sit on the piazza, and, with half-closed eyes, sway gently to and fro like a lissom flower on the bosom of the sweet West wind.

He is to the country what the husband of the woman who keeps a boarding-house is to the city; they are the same, though only in a certain sense; they are the same to the organ of sight, but not to the eye of the mind; for the latter can not probe the veil of mystery that, so to speak, drapes the circumstances of the existence of the star-boarder of the rural tavern. When other men are looking for positions, he is smiling from his hammock in lazy, peaceful content, which attitude throws his social superiors (who are obliged to work at night to catch up with the butcher's account,) into an ecstasy of rage. But still he pursues the even tenor of his way, and flourishes like a rural druggist. And, while he sits serenely beneath a spreading tree, skinning his eye ever and anon like a dreaming hen, he is a statue that might be called peace content and joy rolled into one. He will ever be as great a mystery as he is to-day, especially to those who are naturally far above him, and who can not make a decent living. They will always yearn to learn the secret of the success that placed him in such a rosy attitude of independence. And, when he takes them aside and gives them (his intellectual superiors) what he considers sound, solid advice, they will dissimulate and treat him respectfully, and look upon him in the way that they would naturally regard Aristophanes in a similar attitude, in the hope that in the cascade of platitudes that bubble from his inner consciousness, they may learn the secret of his success and endeavor to go and do likewise. But it is more than likely that they will fail, and that he will continue to be as great a social mystery as ever—despite the efforts of the subtlest critics to analyze him and set him up in the public vision in all his glory.

R. K. Munkittrick.

"BLOOD WILL TELL," we find it writ
With insistence faith-compelling.
May be so; but often it
Stutters awfully in the telling!

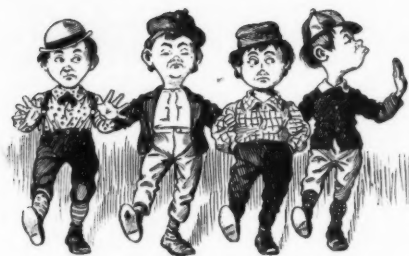
C. F. L.



HER LITERARY GUIDE.

SUITOR (*passionately*).—Read my face and know my heart!

BELOVED.—Really, Mr. Gilquiver, I can not read anything until Mama has, at least, glanced it over.



AND WE NEVER OUTGROW IT, EITHER.

A DIFFERENCE OF DIALECT.

"Gadsby, the evangelist who went Out West, was shot dead recently."

"How did it happen?"

"During a camp-meeting he turned suddenly on a cow-boy, and asked if he was prepared to die."

Ox.—Why did you pursue that red dress so precipitately?

BULL.—It struck me that there were n't gores enough in it.

THE SNOBBISH MUSE.



AS SOFT as I invite the Muse
To lend me her fair company,
She civilly replies: "Excuse
Me, sir, I pray, for previously
I have engagements made with friends,
The So and So's and Mr. Blank.
The Muse is just a snob, who lends
Her countenance to men of rank.
She visits only with the great,
Who entertain her in much state,
Despises folk like you and me.
Confound her airs! say I. Shall we
With Prose go hob-nob sociably?"

M. L. Henry.

DÉCOLLETE.

MISS BUDD.—How do you like my new ball-dress, Bobby?

BOBBY BRIGHT.—Awfully sweet, Miss Budd; but—

MISS BUDD.—But what?

BOBBY BRIGHT.—I was thinking how sad it was to have outgrown it.



IT WORKS MIRACLES.

PASSER-BY.—I thought you were blind?

MENDICANT.—Well, boss, times is so hard, and competition is so great, that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open, if he wants to do any business at all.

REFINEMENT WANTED.

VAN DEMMIT.—You have been cultivating Miss Highheel's society a good deal of late, have n't you?

WILLY.—Yes; I thought it needed cultivation.

WRONG IN HIS FIGURES.

REMINGTON.—Japsley carries himself as though he were one man in a thousand.

FLEMINGTON.—And so he is; but his delusion is that all the other nine hundred and ninety-nine are ciphers.

BEYOND HOPE.

"This," said the attendant, as he led the way through the incurable ward, "is one of the worst cases we have. He was once a newspaper man."

"But what is his hallucination?" asked the visitor anxiously.

"He thinks he has money," answered the attendant sadly.



FEMININE WARFARE.

MRS. DOOLEY (*proudly*).—Mrs. Haggerty, th' woife av th' rich contractor called an me yist'day.

MRS. CASEY (*jealous*).—Ah, yis! Oi did hear thot th' praste made her do pinance; but Oi'd no idea 't was as bad as that.

FORCE OF HABIT.

MCSMITH.—Reins has a queer habit. Whenever he is out driving, and he sees a man standing on a corner, he whips up his horse and passes him in a hurry.

O'JONES.—It's force of habit; he used to be a street-car driver.

SUSPICIOUS.

EDITOR.—I don't believe this Hanks, who asks for a denial of the story printed about him, amounts to anything.

SPACERYT.—From what do you judge that?

EDITOR.—He does n't begin his letter with, "It having been called to my attention," etc.

AN UNDULY PROMINENT CITIZEN.

"Is Van Gawper a club man?"

"Club man? He's a club-window man!"

MRS. HUBLY.—Those degraded people know nothing of the art of cooking food.

HUBLY.—What a coincidence!

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.—Not Knowing Whether the Girl Loves You, or Your Money.

FOREIGNER.—Your country produces few famous actresses.

NATIVE.—Yes. Our crown prince is exemplary in his habits.



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The Exposition Flyer is full every day; to get good accommodations you must secure them several days in advance.

A PRETTY STIFF YARN.

UNCLE HAYFORK.—Why don't they let go the rope an' let that balloon go up?

COL. GUARD.—That rope is attached to it for the people to climb down on in case the balloon explodes.

UNCLE HAYFORK.—Du tell! — *World's Fair Puck.*

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T. W. Stemmler, Union Square, New York.

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?



TOO MUCH.

ALGY.—Why, this dog knows as much as I do!
MISS KIDDENHAM.—Don't you think three dollars was a big price to pay for him?—*World's Fair Puck.*

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WE WANT YOU to try Golden Sceptre, all the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost **PERFECTION.** We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. **SURBRUG**, 159 Fulton St., N. Y. City. Prices Golden Sceptre: 1 lb. \$1.20, 1-2 lb. 65c., 1-4 lb. 35c. 1 cent extra per ounce for mailing. (Catalogue Free.)

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One day a gentleman travelling with his servant stopped at an old fashioned Inn and ordered two boiled eggs for his Lunch.

"The broth," said he, "will make a Soup for my servant."

"It will not be very rich, Sir," objected the waitress.

"Well," he answered, "add another egg, I can eat three."

If you care for what you eat and do not want such a Soup beware of those offered to you as "Just as Good" as the Franco-American for less money, but ask and insist upon getting the Franco-American Soups.

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CLERGYMAN (to Bride).—Do you promise to love, honor and obey?
TERRY HOTE (to Groom).—Hold on, there; that hain't legal.
CLERGYMAN.—What's the matter?
TERRY HOTE.—We don't want any subornation of perjury; just make that "love, honor—an'—an' have her own way." — *World's Fair Puck.*

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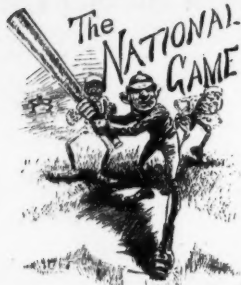
THE ONLY ONE.

LANSING.—Well, I met one Chicago man who never said "The World's Fair should be held around the waist."

ROSE BUDD.—Who was he?

LANSING.—Cole Middleton, the Armless Wonder. — *World's Fair Puck.*

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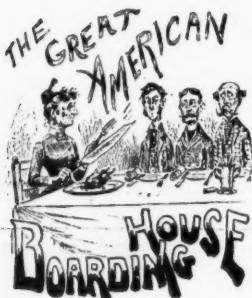
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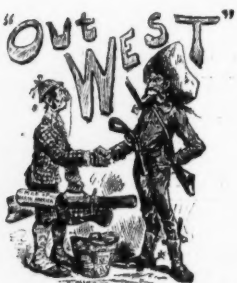
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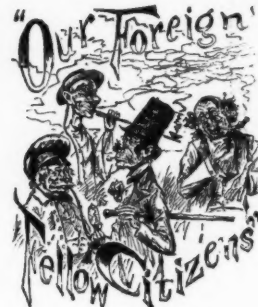
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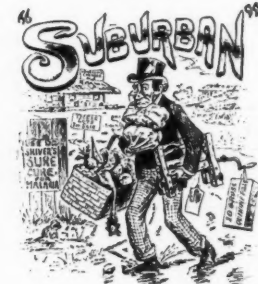
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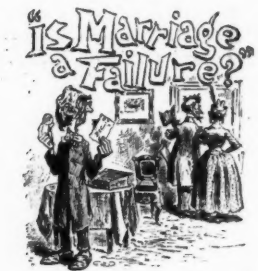
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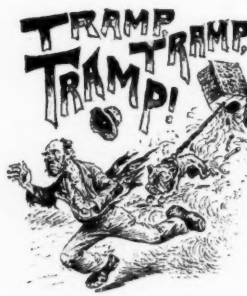
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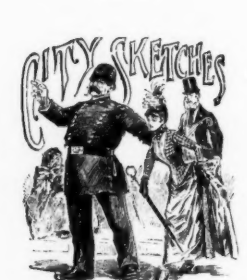
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So to the cellar of his house
Her husband went to smoke.

But when a fragrance filled the air,
She cried, "What is it, Jack?"
And when he said "Yale Mixture," dear,
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Special Dispatch to the *Globe-Democrat*.

WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, ILL., October 26.

No award has ever been made so gratifying to St. Louis people and so justly merited as the one given to-day by the Columbian jury of the World's Fair, consisting of connoisseurs and chemists of the highest rank, to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. By methods of unrivalled business enterprise, and by using the best material produced in America and Europe, excluding corn and other adulterants or surrogates, the different kinds of the Anheuser-Busch beer have become the favorites with the American people, and have now conquered the highest award in every particular, which had to be considered by the Columbian jury. The high character of the award given to-day by the jurors will be better understood when it is known that the different beers exhibited by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association had to compete with hundreds of the most excellent displays of other brewers. The fact that no other concern has received so many points for the various essential qualities of great beer confirms anew the firm's reputation as the leader of all American beers.

... A DOSE OF ...

BROMO-SELTZER,

Trial Bottle, 10 Cents.

For Sale on all Trains by Union News Co.'s Agents.

Taken after Dinner or Supper,
RELIEVES
NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA,
AND CORRECTS
INDIGESTION and Other
Stomach Disorders.

EVERYTHING SHIPSHAPE—The Brick Man-
o'-War.—*World's Fair Puck.*

THE kind of feather that tickles most keenly
comes off an ostrich.—*World's Fair Puck.*

Merit will Tell.
Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne received Gold
Medal and Diploma from World's Columbian Exposition,
the highest prize in the power of the Judges to bestow.

MAN wants but little here below; but that
little is always the "little more."—*World's Fair*
Puck.

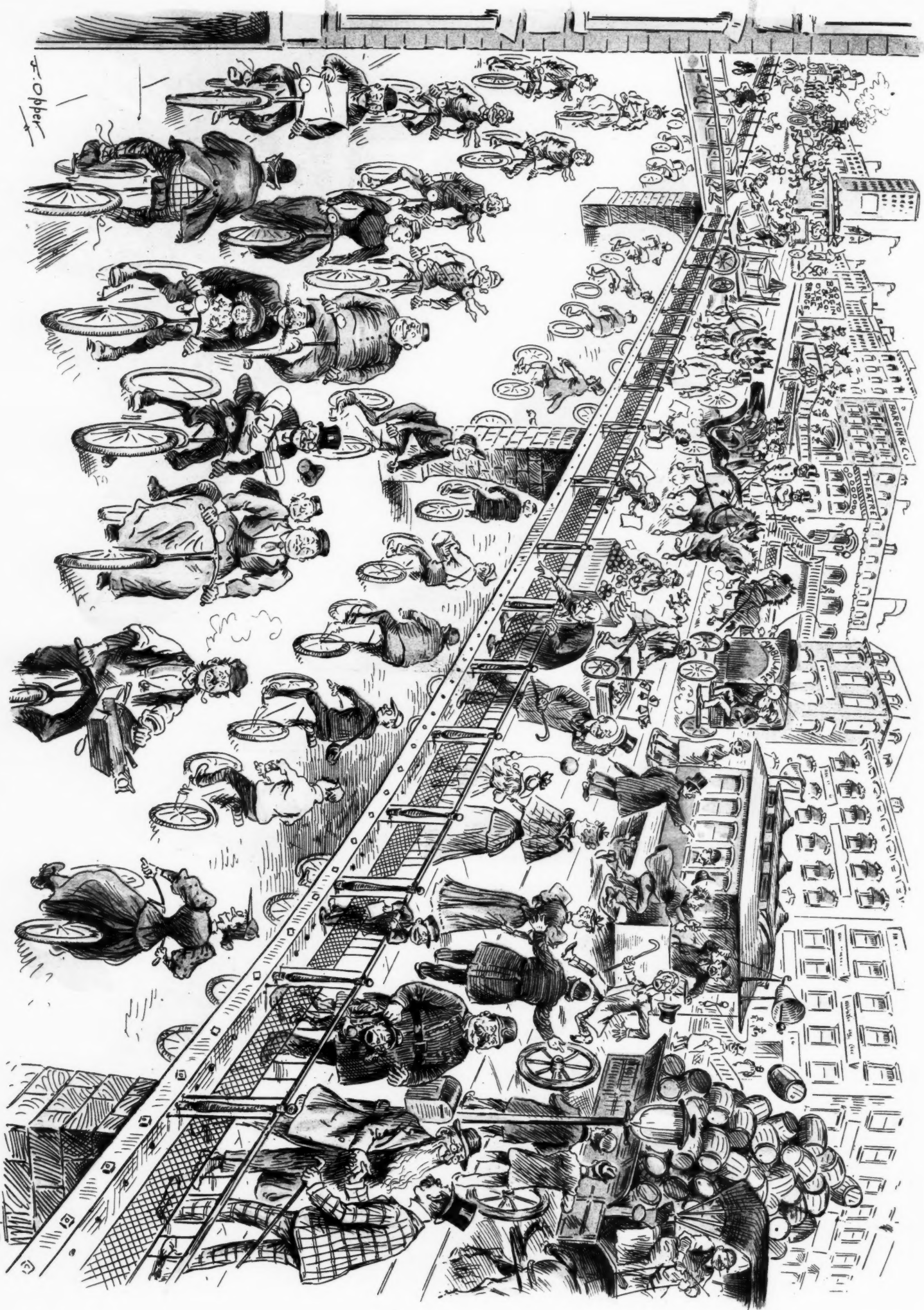
A Pitiable Sight
it is to see an infant suffering from the lack of
proper food. It is entirely unnecessary, as a
reliable food can always be obtained; we refer
to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.
The most successful and nourishing infant food.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED
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heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold
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jeweled gold finished watches
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appearance to any \$25.00 gold
watch, pay our sample price,
\$3.50 and it is yours. We send
with the watch our guarantee
that you can return it at any
time within one year if not
satisfactory, and if you sell
or cause the sale of six we
will give you One Free. Write
at once as we shall send out
samples for sixty days only.
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& IMPORTING CO.,
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ANYTHING TO SATISFY THEM!
PUCK SHOWS A WAY TO KEEP THE BICYCLISTS FROM BEING ANNOYED BY THE PUBLIC.